

PRANAM

ANANDA MARGA MAGAZINE

SUVA SECTOR

OCTOBER 1996

What Should Human Beings Do?



}A Maori
}Walks the Tantric Path

}Guam

}Surrender

}Satire

}Poetry

}Lesson Tips

}Baba Stories

Supreme Command

THOSE WHO PERFORM sadhana (meditation) twice a day regularly, the thought of Parama Purusa (the Supreme Consciousness) will certainly arise in their minds at the time of death, their liberation is a sure guarantee. Therefore every Ananda Margii will have to perform sadhana twice a day invariably - verily is this the command of the Lord. Without Yama and Niyama (morality), sadhana is an impossibility; hence the Lord's command is also to follow Yama and Niyama. Disobedience to this command is nothing but to throw oneself into the tortures of animal life for crores of years. That no one should undergo torments such as these, that everyone might be enabled to enjoy the eternal blessedness under the loving shelter of the Lord, it is the bounden duty of every Ananda Margii to endeavour to bring all to the path of bliss. Verily is this a part and parcel of sadhana, to lead others along the path of righteousness.

S H R I I S H R I I A ' N A N D A M U ' R T I I

“



Now I am leaving this country and I am leaving you physically. I am always with you; I will always be with you. Physically I am leaving you, my sons and daughters, but i can't forget you, and mentally I will always be with you. I want all of you to be ideal human beings. All of you should attain the pinnacle of human glory. Let your existence be successful. I have nothing more to say. Peace be with you. My sons and daughters, I have one more sentence to say. I do not belong to heaven. What I am, I am to express this truth in a single sentence - I am yours

Departing Message From the Philippines

S H R I I S H R I I A ' N A N D A M U ' R T I I

P R A N A M

O C T O B E R 1 9 9 6

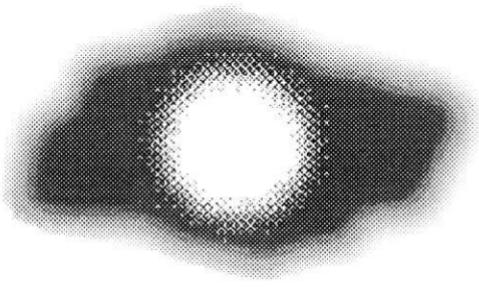
Contents

4	SONG
	Didi Ananda Laghima
5	DISCOURSE
	Shrii Shrii A'nandamu'rtii
7	BABA STORIES
11	GUAM
	Dada Kalyanvratanaanda
13	THREE POEMS
	Dada Krsnasevananda
14	THE WOUNDED CHILD
	Kamalesh

15	SURRENDER
	Pathik
17	LESSON REVIEW
	Dada Cidgananda
19	PEOPLE'S CORNER
	Liila & Dada Paramananda
21	MAORI ON TANTRIC PATH
	Ramana Maharsi
23	SAMSKARA SAM
	Atmadeva
25	ARRIVAL & DARSHANA
	Narada Muni

Published by Ananda Marga
Public Relations Department, Suva Sector
19 Lovel St Katoomba NSW 2780
Phone/FAX (047) 823 911
e-mail: krsnasev@pnc.com.au

Inspiration: Shrii Shrii Anandamurti
Editor: Kamalesh
Design & Layout: Ian Salkin (Atmadeva)
Contributions of articles, photographs
and artwork are most welcome.



SONG

Kotoriwa saezuri, konoha ga maichiru
Ogawa no seseragi, hino hikari mabushi

Sora o miagereba, anata no sugata
Atatakana hohoemi to temaneki o shite

Konna ni nagai aida, watashi wa matteita
Mou korekara kesshite anata o hanarenai

Tsurai tokimo tanoshii tokimo itsumo anatawa ita
Ikiru kotonu utsukushisa o oshieyo o toshite

Sora o miagereba, anata no sugata
Atatakana hohoemi to temaneki o shite

Kibo o no hijino kanata sei naru kotoba
Kako o furikaeruna, mirai e to susume

~~~~~

The birds are chirping, the leaves are dancing  
The streams are flowing, the sun is bright

When I look up the sky, You are there  
With sweet smile and calling me

I have waited so long  
I'll never leave you any more

---

When I was in pain or happiness, You were always with me  
Trying to teach me the beauty of life

When I look up in the sky, You are there  
With sweet smile and calling me

Behind the rainbow of hope there are sacred words  
Don't look back past, go ahead towards future

BY DIDI ANANDA LAGHIMA

# What Should Human Beings Do?



BY SHRII SHRII ANANDAMURTI

## Regarding

THE DUTIES OF HUMAN BEINGS, IT has been said: *Tyaja durjanasam'sargam' / Bhaja sa'dhu sama'gamam' / Kuru Pun'yamahora'tram' / Smaranityamanityata'm*

*Tyaja durjana sam'sargam'*. Who is durjana? It is a relative term. Durjana is one whose presence has a degenerating effect on others. What is degeneration? Degeneration here means deviation from the path of self cultivation. According to the Scriptures, that which leads to one's physical, psychic and spiritual well-being is called 'hita'; that which leads to one's psychic and spiritual well-being is 'kalya'na'; and that which leads to spiritual well-being is ks'ema. The person who has a degenerating effect on others is called a durjana.

Every human being has certain merits and demerits. Suppose a person has forty percent merit and sixty percent demerit, the resultant demerit is twenty percent. If a weak person whose resultant demerit is forty percent comes in contact with a person whose resultant demerit is more than forty percent, he or she will certainly degenerate. Obviously, a thief will not be a durjana for a perfectly honest person because the latter easily counteract the thief's negative qualities. But for an ordinary person without any notable attributes, the thief will certainly be a durjana. Those with less psychic or spiritual power can easily be influenced by a wicked person. Those who are psychically and spiritually developed, however, are not so easily influenced and for them even a very wicked person may not be a durjana.

It is the duty of every human being to avoid wicked people. You may ask, 'Can wicked people ever become virtuous?' of course they can, but remember that only those people having greater psychic power than them should try to transform them. So what should you do? Instead of going alone, you should take five or ten friends with you so that your collective psychic strength will be greater than theirs.

'Tyaja' durjana sam'sargam'. There are many people who

speak enthusiastically about improving the economic condition of the poor but have no intention of doing anything about it themselves. Even though it is evident that they are hypocrites, you should not confront them directly, but should be temporarily indifferent to them. How should you deal with such people? Instead of dealing with them alone you should take ten or twenty people with you and try to bring them to the right path.

'Bhaja sa'dhu sama'gamam.' Who is a sa'dhu? A sa'dhu is one whose company leads to 'hita', that is, physical, psychic and spiritual well-being.

*Ja'tascha eva jagati jantaven sa'dhu jivita'h*

*Ye punarneha ja'yante shes'a'h jat'haragardabha'h.*

The gist of this sloka is that only those who have been engaged in honest deeds since birth are worthy of being called sa'dhus. Other people, even though they appear to be human, are best described as donkeys! They have the form of a human - they were born of human mothers - but the mentality of a donkey.

'Bhaja sa'dhu sama'gamam.' Spend as much time as you can in the company of honest people who have dedicated their lives for others' welfare. This will enable you to develop your personal well-being and be in a better position to bring about the welfare of all created beings. This is the duty of an ideal person. You must avoid those who are sinful.

The sinful people are not equally wicked to all, but the honest people are equally virtuous to all. In this context it has been said;

*Satsaun gena bhavenmuktirasatsaunges'u bandhanam*

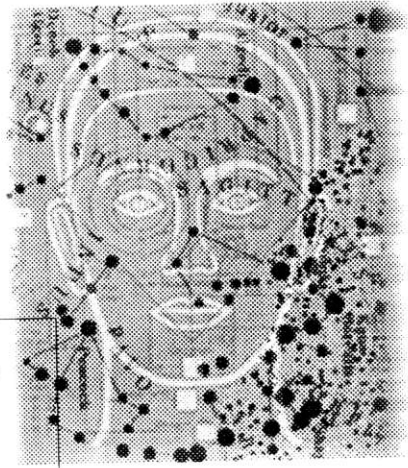
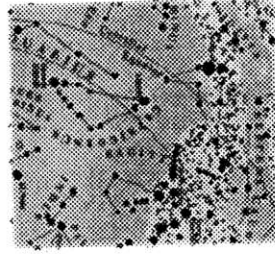
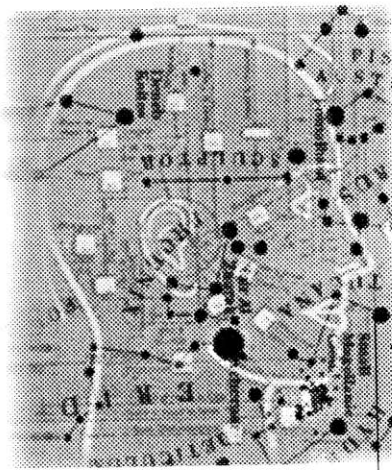
*Asatsaun gena mudran'am' yat tanmudra' parikiirtita.*

The excellence of satsaunga, that is, the uplifting company of the virtuous, is equally beneficial for all.

'Kuru pun'yam ahora'tram.' Ahora'tram' means the twenty-four hour period from sunrise to sunrise. According to Indian astronomy, the period from sunrise to sunset is called 'dinama'na' and the period from sunset to sunrise, ►

**Other people,  
even though they  
appear to be human,  
are best described as  
donkeys!**





▷ 'ra'trima'na.' So one dinamā'na and one ra'trima'na together constitute twenty-four hours. According to the Western conception of time, the period from midnight to midnight makes twenty four hours. It is in no way connected to the dinamā'na and ratima'na of the Indian system. The Western day begins from midnight and is thus fixed according to the time of the watch.

It is advised that one should acquire virtue (punyam) around the clock. Now the question is, what is virtue? By simply taking a dip in the waters of the Ganges will one acquire virtue? Of course not. Then what is virtue?

*As't'a'dashapura'n'es'u vya'sasya vacanadvayam*

*Paro'paka'rarah Pun'ya'ya pa'pa'ya parapiir'an'am'.*

Doing good to others is virtue; doing harm to others is sin. In this world there is no shortage of wicked people who have an innate desire to commit atrocities and harm others. What should the virtuous people do? They should acquire virtue by doing good to others, to the society, to the country, and to the masses. Their actions should promote the socio-economic well-being of the people in a skilled way. This should be their main concern. Your good deeds may take society two steps forward, but if bad people are at work at the same time, they will take the society two steps backward and the resultant progress will be nil. Therefore, you must continue doing good to society, and at the same time you must fight against the bad people to prevent them from taking a single step forward.

**When a child is born,  
the members of the  
family laugh joyfully,  
but the child itself cries.**

**You should live such a**

**benevolent life and do  
such glorious deeds**

**that when you leave**

**this world, smiles will**

**blossom on your face**

**while the people**

**mourn your departure**

**with copious tears**

On the path of dharma, one is not only to do noble deeds; one must also fight against the dishonest people - both are virtuous actions. There are many people in the society - noble people engaged in noble deeds- who are not ready to fight against wrongs and injustices. This sort of passive benevolence does not really promote the cause of human progress

in the world. What is desirable is to acquire virtue by doing noble deeds and fighting against all sins and crimes. Both are mandatory, both are an integral part of dharma.


'Smara nityam'anitya'm.' You should always remember that although you have come to this world for a very short span of time, you will have to be responsible for doing so many different things, including social service. Thus you will have to equip yourself in intelligence and wisdom in all possible ways. And at the same time, you must fulfil your duties and responsibilities. Once your duties are over you will have to bid adieu to this world with a smiling face. In this regard, the words of Tulsi are worth quoting;

*Tulsi jab tum jag men a'ye jag hansa' tum roye*

*Aesii karnii karelo tum han'nso jag roye.*

{Tulsi, when you came into this world, it smiled and you wept. Continue noble deeds so that when you die, you will laugh and the world will weep.}

When a child is born, the members of the family laugh joyfully, but the child itself cries. You should live such a benevolent life and do such glorious deeds that when you leave this world, smiles will blossom on your face while the people mourn your departure with copious tears. The people will feel bereaved at the loss of a person who truly helped them in their hour of need. All of you should take such a vow to do noble deeds as long as you are alive, and thus leave this world with a smiling face. ■

moonlit night. Baba sat for a long time staring at the stars. He was very serious, not speaking, thinking something very deeply. No-one dared to  
**Baba Stories**  
 In January 1967 we were sitting with Baba under the wood apple tree.  used to sit in a circle around him on His blanket, and he would say

### With Baba in Bombay

SOME TIME IN 1965 OR 1966, I WAS with Baba on His visit to Bombay. There was DMC at Nagpur, an important city in Central India. Many brothers were getting Baba's personal contact and Baba was giving them different types of spiritual realisations. Everyone coming out of His room would be filled with a devotional flow; some weeping with joy, come intoxicated and some in a blissful trance.

It had started at around eleven o'clock in the morning and by one o'clock in the afternoon, Baba was still busy. I was getting worried as He had not eaten His lunch yet. At the same time, deep inside me, I was feeling so much pain.

I kept on thinking, 'How fortunate these people are that Baba is blessing and giving them so much spiritual feelings and I, I am with Him, working as His assistant and working constantly, but He is not blessing me. Everyone is blessed and I am the only undeserving person.

Finally, at around 1:20pm the last personal contact for the noon period was over. By that time, I was already feeling very angry with Baba. I went

inside His room, closed the door, and out of annoyance, burst into tears telling Baba, "Look, everyone is getting so much blessing and realisations from you and I am working and working and getting nothing. I am feeling so dry and empty!" I knelt down near His bed weeping bitterly.

Baba smiled and sat up on His bed." Remove your wrist watch, loosen your hip belt, sit in Siddha'sana and start meditation." He ordered.

I sat accordingly.

He then touched my head with His hand and suddenly I felt a strong jerk from my Mula'dha'ra Cakra' ( the lowest point of the backbone); the second jerk at Sva'dhistha'na, the third at Man'ipura (Navel point). With every jerk, my entire body would jump up several inches from the floor. When the jerks came to Man'ipura Cakra, a strong sound burst out of me, "Hooooommm," and I was overwhelmed with the instant pleasure I was having.

Then Baba again pressed my Trikuti with His finger and said, "Now it is time for work, if you go higher you will not be able to work. Later you will get it. Go and bring me some food. I am hungry."

The moment He touched my Trikuti,

all the jerks stopped. I wept with joy, and did Satsaunga Pranam to Him. Then I went out to bring my Baba His meal. I was already so happy by then.

### Mysteries Of The Forest

IN THE GITA, THERE IS A SLOKA which says :

*Ananyaschinatayanto ma'm ye  
jana'h paryupa'sate  
Tesa'm nitya'bhiyukta'na'm  
yogaksemam vaha'myham.*

'One who takes shelter unto Me with single-mindedness, I bear all his basic requirements and necessities.'

This Sloka remained in my mind since my childhood.

After I met my Master, an intense desire to fully realise Him grew in me each day. Through the different instances that I witnessed and experienced while being with Him. I knew He had full knowledge of what went on in each one's mind including mine.

I also knew that if He so desires, He can fulfil anything He wishes. But in my heart there was a deep longing to fully realise Him and along with this desire, a question came up. 'How can He help me, if in His name alone I wait, and

▷ make no effort?' So to still my heart, I left the Ashram for a hilly, forested area, taking only one blanket with me.

Barefooted, I found it so difficult to walk on rocky forest area. But despite the difficulties, I went ahead thinking of Him, singing, and at times drinking water from any stream that I came across.

I started out in the morning and by afternoon I was very tired. I stopped to meditate and then again went ahead. Around dusk, I felt very exhausted and hungry. It was almost winter, so I was also feeling cold. Most of all, I was worried about where I would spend the night. I was all alone in a deep forest and it was my first time to be in such an environment. The thought of climbing a tree to safeguard myself from hungry animals came to my mind. While engrossed in these thoughts, to my utter surprise, I saw a sage standing in front of me about 10 - 15 meters away. I could not believe it.

Smilingly he invited me, "Come child, I knew you would come today. Come to my place." And he took me some distance, into the deep forest. The place was surrounded by very big trees and I could hear a stream flowing nearby. There was a small shed with only a roof. There were no walls, the floor was a bit higher than the ground and a fire was burning in the middle. He asked me to bathe in the stream. I was worried about the cold but found the spring water quite warm. After bathing, I returned to the shed but found that the sage had gone somewhere. So I sat near the fire and meditated.

When I finished my meditation, I saw him preparing big, thick chapatti and a little chutney. He gave it to me on a big leaf saying, "Kha'o beta' (eat my child)." I was thankful to him but I could eat only half of it. I asked him if there was any tigers in the area. He said,

"Sometimes they come, mostly wild bears come. But they never cross the stream. They come, stay awhile and then Lord sends them away."

The night was cold even with my blanket on so I slept near the fire, it was

warm enough. In the early morning, I woke up, bathed and meditated. The sage was already up. I paid my salutation to him and asked permission to depart.

He said to me, "Lord will fulfil your desire."

I was very grateful and happy. But after walking for sometime, again the thought came to my mind, "this was just mere chance, let me see how He feeds me today?"

My feet started to ache after a while and my entire body was tired due to walking on the rocks and up and down the hill. When noon came, I became so hungry that I started eating some tamarind leaves which I found in the forest. It was dusk again and I was once again worried about shelter. I had reached the end of the forest but there was still an abundance of trees and bushes all around.

In search of shelter, I started walking fast. Just when it became almost dark, I saw a temple. I thanked the Lord and took shelter in it. The temple was completely ruined but I was able to fix a roof for myself in one corner. I thought of lying down and resting first before meditating. I was so tired that night and felt even more cold. After resting for awhile, I decided to meditate lest I fully fall asleep.

Then I heard someone asking, "Who are you?" And I saw a person standing near the broken door.

I said "I am just a Yogi passing the night here." Then he asked me what caste I belonged to (In India there are many castes, some high, some low, some are even considered untouchables.)

I replied, "In the temple of the Lord how can there be castes? I am just a child of God."

The person was very satisfied. He replied, "You must be a Holy person. Please come, take food in my home. I took a vow this morning that until I feed a holy one, I will not eat. In the evening I felt like coming here to pray to Lord Shiva and He has brought you to me."

I found out that his village was a few

kilometres away from where I was. I thought, "If I decide to stay over here, this is how my Master would arrange to supply me with food everyday."

I wanted to go back to my Masters place and with the help of the person who brought me food, I got directions to the train station. There were still some doubts in my mind, but I felt I had to go. So I walked for sometime until I found the railway line. I followed it to catch a train going to my destination. At that point, my feet and body were already almost rejecting my orders to move. Then I saw a train coming. There was a bridge where the train had to pass and I waited near it, thinking mentally, "If Lord makes the train stop, I will ride in it." And lo, who would believe that the train stopped in front of the bridge giving whistles. I ran and got into a compartment and the train started again. I was very tired and soon I fell asleep.

It was a shuttle train and when I arrived at my destination, it suddenly occurred to me that I had gone across the hills had travelled around the mountain range by train without money. I was so surprised because no-one had asked me for a ticket!

The next evening when I met my Master, He was sitting with other devotees. O was afraid, rather ashamed. I prostrated before Him giving my salutations. When I sat down, My Master looked straight into my eyes, smiling mysteriously, and saying, "Bujhechho? (Realised?) I had not told anyone about the events of the last two days. I had just returned and met Him.

I replied with folded hands, "Yes, Baba."

## Is Baba for Margiis Only?

SEVERAL DEVOTEES AND WORKERS were present one day in Baba's room at noontime. All of a sudden, the Master asked one worker, "Can you tell me, is Baba for everybody or only for Ananda Margiis?"

"For everybody, Baba," said Dada.

"Why do you say so?" asked Baba again. There was no reply. What could he say to prove it?

Then suddenly Baba changed the topic and asked the same worker, "Why did you cut your joint hair?" The worker was puzzled. He could not remember if he ever cut his joint hair, as it is against the 16 points (physical, mental and spiritual points of discipline).

"I never cut my joint hair, Baba," he said.

"What speaking lies before me?!" Baba said gravely. "Two years before, in your village house during the summertime, at noon, you closed the door of your room and you cut all your joint hair and then you wrapped it in a piece of paper. Then you looked out through the window and finding nobody around you, you threw it beneath a tree. Remember?"

With folded hands, he replied, "Yes Baba. Then, I did not know about the 16 points." The worker remembered the incident when Baba described the situation.

"You thought that nobody saw you, but a bird was flying there; that bird saw you and told me, and so I came to know about," said the Master jokingly. All smiled at this.

Baba asked, "What tree was that?"

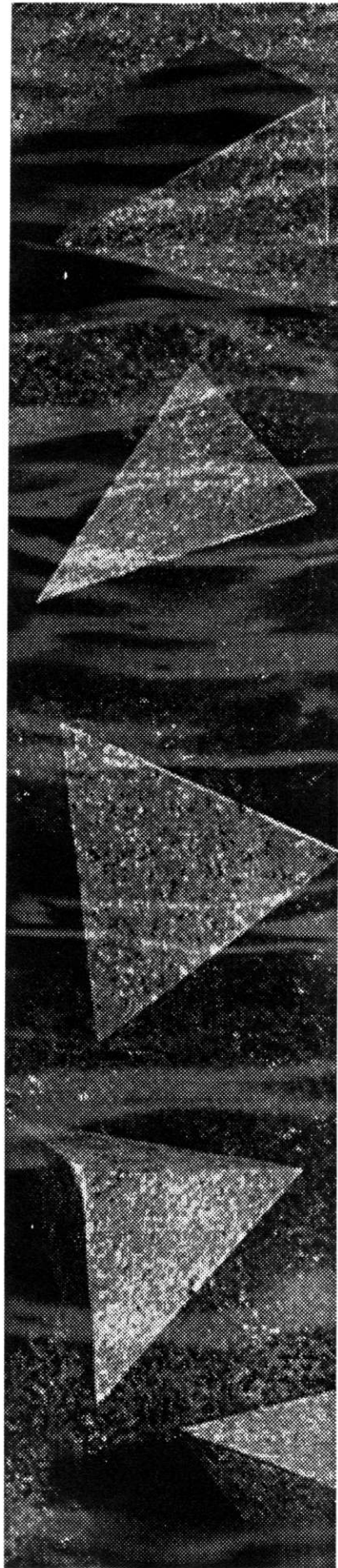
"A'mra'" (a tree with sweet-sour fruits in India).

"Is this tree still alive?"

"Baba I don't know."

"How can you know? You left home two years before. That tree died last year. The bird who told me also flew away. The tree has died but still I remember. It is not possible to hide anything from me."

Then Baba said further, "I noticed one day you had gone for a job interview. It was a very hot day. When the interview was finished you went home walking such a long distance under the sun. After having a bath, you requested your mother for food. She gave you food and while you were eating she asked, 'Did you get the job?'



You replied with pain, 'No mum.' Hearing this, your mother started rebuking and accusing you so much that it became difficult for you to eat. She told you, 'Such a strong young man, sitting and consuming food at home. Can't even try to get a job and make a living.' And she said so many humiliating words. With face down you anyhow finished your meal. You were so hungry. After that, you went to your room and cried the whole day praying for God to help you. The whole day you cursed yourself and felt your life was useless. Your pillow became wet with tears. On that same day I decided to make you a worker for humanity and give you respect and love in your life. Don't think that you have come by yourself. You have been called."

As Baba was speaking, tears were flowing down the cheeks of the devotee. He knew now, that someone was with him all the while whom he did not know before.

### **A Mysterious Meeting**

ONCE IN THE MIDDLE '60S BABA asked a margii to be ready the following morning. As Baba used to be ready at 6am this margii took care to be outside His door at 5am. At 5.30 Baba came out and said, "Let's go." As it happened, the two of them went into the jungle by His car. After some time they were driving on a narrow road in a interior area. Then Baba ordered him to stop as they had to walk from there. Much to the margii brother's consternation they then left off on foot into the thick jungle and after some time started to climb some inaccessible hill. After having struggled their way up they met with a sight that the margii brother never has forgotten. Three extremely emaciated naked beings having completely lost their human appearance, but with big, shining eyes the size of plums sitting deep in dried out sockets did pranam before Baba. They were fully decked by ►

▷ extraordinary long head hair. The scene was otherworldly as it was quite clear to the margii brother that these were not ordinary yogis but extremely enlightened souls perhaps having gone through some type of higher ordeal. Then Baba began speaking with them in "a form of Sanskrit". The margii brother did not understand a word of it. After some time Baba ordered the brother to go and fetch some milk. The place being what it was the brother was first completely at loss what to do but Baba gave such directions that it became easy for him to go not very far away and to his great surprise someone was really living there with a cow and as it happened the person there had a little milk left from the morning. Back on the hill, Baba started to feed these three persons milk, slowly one drop at the time.

It took an hour or so for Baba to feed them one cup of milk or so. One of the persons smiled to the brother and asked him in his language, "Do you know who your Guru is?" The brother honestly answered that he really did not. (There may have been some further conversation between them but as I am not sure about the correctness of that which I have remembered I will not render it here.) Then the two of them left these three persons there and went back to the car. The brother then asked Baba who these beings were. Baba explained that they had requested him for liberation, but that He had refused as he needed them for some special work.

*From 'I Meet My Beloved'*

## Kiirtan Performed First

TOTAPURI, THE GURU OF SHRII Ramakrsna Paramahansa, was a soul rich in psycho-spiritual and spiritual powers who had realised in his sadhana that Taraka Brahma soon would take human form on this Earth. So he decided to stay on and have His Darshan. One day, some 70-90 years later, when Baba was a small boy

growing up in Jamalpur, Totapuri came to town and saw Him. Without knowing at first who the boy actually was Totapuri spontaneously asked Him, who's smiling gaze remained fixed on him: "Hey boy, why are you smiling?" The boy just kept on smiling, and then, when Totapuri looked with his spiritual eye, he realised that this was the person whom he had longed so much to see on Earth. The old man then did sastaunga Pranam to the child. Later Totapuri used to visit Baba in Jamalpur time and again throughout His childhood and adolescence.

Then, just after Baba had started His organisation, a problem arose as to how to secure the piece of land on which the first own Jagrti was to be built. Legal papers and matters were OK, but some hardened dogmatic and hostile elements were holding on to the area hell-bent on keeping the Marga out of action. The comparatively physically weak margiis were at loss what to do. Then one morning Baba told: "Last night one spiritual person did kiirtan there, now it will be easy for you to capture that land. Go!" And they went and captured the land (after moving in bravely with necessary paraphernalia and suffering some minor blood shed, I was told by one who had participated in the drama). A little later Baba told a few margiis that they should go to such and such place and look for the body of Totapuri and cremate it (by that time Totapuri was surely at least 200 years old, the person who told the story opined).

Then, when Baba introduced Baba Nam Kevalam kiirtan in 1971, He first taught it to a group of four persons, two workers and two family persons, who enjoyed the occasion very much. (Afterwards they told that an overwhelming chorus of heavenly voices had joined in from above in the most melodious and beatific singing). After teaching them, Baba told that Totapuri had been the first person to

sing Baba Nam Kevalam kiirtan on Earth, and that it had happened back then on the plot of land where our first Jagrti stands still today.

My source then added with a smile that Baba may have told this story with a certain motive, as there was a dada there in 1971 who, just prior to Baba's introduction of kiirtan, had developed the peculiar habit of suddenly uttering sharply "Baba Nam Kevalam!" at any time, for example when he dropped something on the floor - or at any moment, just when he felt like it.

So that, when Baba actually gave the kiirtan a few weeks later, this Dada started to claim the he was the original creator of the mantra!

*Provided by Prabhakar*

## The Sound of the Viina

ONE DAY BABA WAS WAITING FOR His friend at the appointed time their hill. The friend did not come and Baba heard the distant playing of the viina, which he decided to investigate. Baba entered a forest and ever the music called Him on. Deep in the jungle there was a glade and in the centre of the glade sat the player. The music was enchanting and Baba was, according to His own account, delighted with the beauty and delicacy of the music.

Baba stood on the edge of the glade for some time listening and when the player stopped Baba came towards him. The player did sastaunga Pranam and then looked at Baba with radiant eyes. He thanked Baba for coming as he had played for many centuries waiting for Parama Purusa to stop and hear him. Only when the Lord of the universe had come to him would he be free from his luminous form and able to recommence his cycle of birth and death. Baba's coming had freed him so that he could do that. Baba thanked him in turn for his music. Baba told this story to His viina playing friend when He next met him. ■

*Provided by Manorainjana*

# Guam

## History, Indigenous Religion & Mythology

BY DADA KALYANVRATANANDA

### History

**The** ANCIENT CHAMORROS, THE EARLIEST KNOWN inhabitants of the Mariana islands, were seafarers from Southeast Asia and reached the Mariana Islands as early as 2000 BC, and probably were the first people to set foot on Guam's pristine shores. Archaeological evidence indicates that these ancient Chamorros were of Malayo-Polynesian descent. Linguistic and cultural similarities tie the Chamorro race to Malaysia, Indonesia and the Philippines.

Approximately 100,000 of them lived entirely self sufficiently in hamlets and villages organised into districts under local chiefs. The Chamorros were a 'carefree, laughing people, fond of festive dancing and singing, of storytelling, and legend spinning'.

Spanish explorer Ferdinand Magellan discovered Guam for the western world in 1521, and the island was claimed for Spain in 1565 by Miguel Lope de Legaspi. Then came the Spanish colonial rule with the first Jesuit missionaries arriving in 1668 to Christianise and educate the natives. The missionaries were later followed by the civil authorities and the Spanish military. Under close cooperation, the military regime enforced the Spanish colonial rule, religion, culture, and language for nearly three centuries.

Through the centuries, waves of conquerors, merchants and adventures have swept across Guam like the surge and ebb of the tides. The island remained a Spanish colony for more than 300 years until 1898 when it passed into American hands after

the Spanish American War. For the next four decades Guam was run as a US naval station, but was surrendered to a Japanese invasion force in 1941. Guam was retaken by the Americans at the end of World War II in 1944. Today Guam is the United States western-most Territory.

All the faces of Asia and the Pacific are found in Guam, Micronesia's most cosmopolitan community. In addition to the native Chamorros and stateside Americans, the island boasts large populations of Filipinos, Chinese,

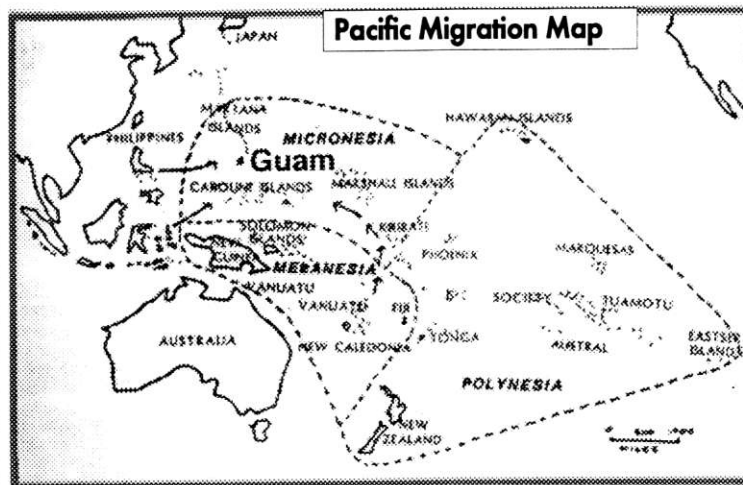
Japanese and Koreans, islanders from Yap, Palau, Truk and other Micronesian destinations, as well as a few Vietnamese, Indians and Europeans.

Most of these people retain their original customs and languages, making Guam an exciting mixture of east and west, old and new. English and native Chamorro are the

island's official languages. The Chamorro people are a friendly and hospitable race. Most of the local people are Roman Catholics.

Guam is the largest land mass between Hawaii and the Philippines, and the largest island in Micronesia. Shaped like a footprint, Guam is about 30 miles long and 4 to 12 miles wide totalling 212 square miles. Located 13 degrees north latitude and 144 degrees east longitude, north of the equator. The northern end is a plateau of rolling hills and cliffs rising to 600 feet above sea level. Southern Guam stretches out into mountains and valleys.

Because Guam is located in the tropical zone, the climate is pleasant with its tropical humidity tempered by the prevailing trade winds and year-round temperatures



▷ about 30°C. Their are two seasons: wet and dry. This is how people can enjoy summer all year round.

# Religion

## Ancient

Chamorro religion is best understood if we look at it as an integral part of the Chamorros' day-to-day behaviour. Ancient Chamorro religion reflects Chamorro values and social organisation. The value of interdependence can be seen in the kinship system and in its extension, ancestor worship. Perhaps a better term would be ancestor veneration.

Veneration is looking on with great respect and reverence. The respect the ancient Chamorros had for older people naturally led them to respect their ancestors. The spirit or soul was believed to be immortal. Death did not end a family member's concern for the welfare of the whole group. Death did not end the love and honour felt toward the ancestor. Ancestor veneration was just an extension of basic human relationships from this world to the super natural world. Just as living elders can reward or punish a person, so could the ancestral spirits. It was the prerogative of the ante (ancestral spirit) to cause illness if displeased or if a person was not meeting his or her kinship obligations. Nevertheless, a person's ante was generally thought to be constantly beside him or her and busy attending to that person's well-being.

It is important to note that ancestors were not thought of gods, although the tremendous respect people showed their ancestors was equivalent to the respect that many people reserve for God. Although some researchers have reported Puntan and Fu'una as god and goddess, and Chaife as an evil god, they are better understood as remote ancestral spirits. Some researchers have stressed animism, which existed in ancient Chamorro culture, but it was not dominant. Animism is belief that objects such as rocks and trees have spirits.

The ancient Chamorros venerated their ancestors by the customs of preserving ancestral skulls, burying the dead under or near their homes, and in one account of preserving their dried hands. An ancient Chamorro feared and respected his or her ante. The ancient Chamorros believed that these spirits cared about their descendants. Nevertheless, these spirits were forces of both good and evil. Ante were generally well behaved toward their descendants, as long as the living were meeting

their kinship obligations. Ante were thought to punish those who did not behave in a proper manner. It was their prerogative to cause illness. This belief led to a more orderly society. Ancient Chamorros knew that their ancestors were always watching their behaviour and depended upon the ante to protect them from the menacing spirits of other people's ancestors. Some accounts refer to these evil spirits or demons as aniti. Ante could be appealed to for help, and were believed often to yield to a descendant's pleas and sacrifices.

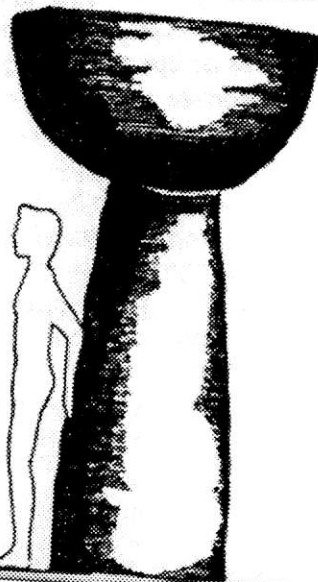
The ancient Chamorros believed that a person's character depended on the strength of his or her soul or spirit. Some people's spirits were thought to be weak. That was the reason they were lazy or cowardly. Those who were great warriors and hard workers had strong souls. Their souls could overcome the negative force of an aniti.

The ancient Chamorros considered women and children to be especially vulnerable to illness caused by an ante. Some researchers have assumed this was because their souls were not considered as strong as a man's. There is a more likely explanation. Women and children were at risk through no fault of their own. The ancient Chamorros traced descent through the female line (matrilineal). But wives moved to their husband's territory upon marriage. This meant that the children were raised on their father's land and away from their ancestral spirits. This is the reason that women and children were more vulnerable to an ante. When a man was away from his ancestral land, he was vulnerable, too.

Today, the term aniti refers to Satan. The ancient Chamorros believed that an aniti caused all violent deaths. The aniti were thought to cause a person's spirit to dwell in the jungle, caves, air or in trees rather than near his or her home territory. Some accounts claim that an aniti could make a person's soul go to sasalaguan (a kind of volcano-like hell). The Chamorros' concept of heaven and hell was probably introduced by the Spanish. heaven was believed to be an underground paradise, where there were good food and good things to do. Sasalaguan was the mountain home of Chaife (god of the wind, waves, and fire). Chaife was believed to beat a person's soul forever on a forge, which is clearly a Spanish introduction.

Some researchers have reported that the ancient Chamorros believed that the type of life a person lived had no bearing on what kind of afterlife he or she would have. Peaceful death led to paradise, and violent death led to an afterlife of torture. It seems more likely that the ancient Chamorros did believe that a person's behaviour affected the

Latte Stone



person's afterlife. The ancient Chamorros probably believed that a violent death was possible only if a person's ancestral spirits removed their protection. If people died violently, it was because they had offended ancestral spirits and lost their support. The ancient Chamorros' 'hell' was to reside away from their descendants and in the jungle or a cave. Such spirits were believed to be unhappy about this and became dangerous. These spirits today are referred to as the taotaomo'na (ghosts, demons, disembodied souls or spectre's). People could be protected from this lonely fate by not offending ancestral spirits. If they did not break any taboos and met family obligations, they would be protected.

When ancient Chamorros needed additional help, they sought the assistance of a shaman. Powerful enemies sometimes worked evil against a person. This could be guarded against by enlisting the help of a shaman. He or she could put ancestral spirits to work on the client's behalf. People who were protected against an ante could not die a violent death. When they died, their spirits were allowed to dwell near their descendants. This would have been a heaven of sort.

Fray Juan de Zamorro (1602) reports that special ancestral places were called sulares. Many present-day Chamorros continue to show respect to ancestral spirits associated with the land. Chamorros in an unfamiliar area ask permission for land-use privileges. These ancestral spirits are called the taotaomo'na (ghost, demons, disembodied souls or spectre's). Literally taotaomo'na translates as 'people of before'. Taotaomo'na are addressed as grandmother and grandfather. Chamorro folklore is full of references to taotaomo'na who are thought to dwell around latte stones, in the air, jungle, caves and trees, especially

nunu (banyan) trees. Latte stones were used as foundations for large structures building.

## A Myth:

**Puntan** AND HIS SISTER, FU'UNA, WERE BORN OF space and had neither a father nor a mother. They existed before the sky and earth. When it was Puntan's time to die, he instructed his sister to make a place for humans by using

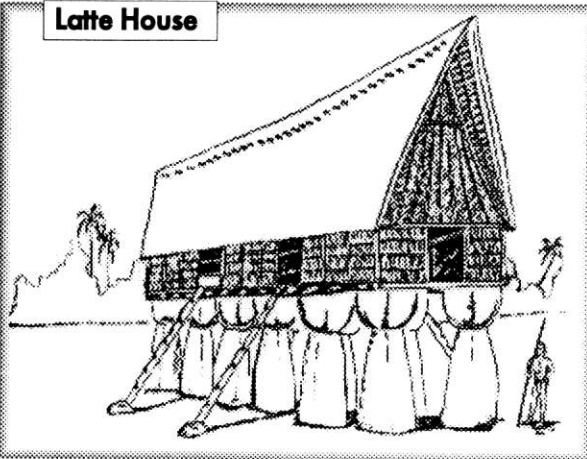
his chest and back to make the sky and earth, his eyes to make the sun and moon, and his eyebrows to make the rainbows. Puntan has been refereed to as a god, but he is better understood as a venerated ancestor of really ancient origin. It is interesting that in India culture, Arjuna saw Krishna (god), and described him as having the moon and the sun for eyes.

The myths of the ancient Chamorros reveal their values.

Their key value was the interdependence of humans and nature, of man and woman, and of relatives.

When early Roman Catholics priest asked the ancient Chamorros who made the haven and earth, they got several answers. The Chamorros said, 'We made the universe'. The Spanish felt that this was a foolish answer. The priest did not realise that the ancient Chamorros were speaking about their ancestors. They also did not realise the interdependence the Chamorros felt with the universe, because it had been created from the body of one of their ancestors. ■

Latte House



### POETRY BY DADA KRSHASEVANANDA

#### Betrothal

Here I stand again  
At the brink  
Of the biggest cliff I've ever seen  
To take that step is certain death  
Have You  
No other dowry  
I could bring?

#### The Acrobat

High above the netless ring  
She steps upon the wire  
Hearts stop  
Fingers clench  
And all eyes cease to blink  
But only her eyes see  
The golden form  
That holds her by the hand

#### Snowflakes

Thoughts of You  
Fall  
Like snowflakes  
Upon  
The jagged corners  
Of  
The world



SHORT STORY

## The Wounded Child

BY KAMALESH

Quietly absorbed in a musty room

Tinkering with small things

The wounded-child sits cross-legged in a beam of dusty sun.  
Outside where the sun shines clean and the flowers are bright  
The wonder-child dances

Eyes afire with the rapture of God.

The wounded-child is aware of his solitude, but he has practiced unconcern. He plays his games, and smiles well if someone ventures into his space. Oh yes, people come and go all right, sometimes many, but they only mill about in the next room, and never do they enter the inner chambers.

The wonder-child experiences the musty house, as a dark anchor, a restricting and binding force. He can't understand what it is or why it is there, this black gravity in his world of light. But he senses some yearning there, and he knows that there is something of himself in that dark place.

So he searches the walls, pushes and pulls, and struggles with love

Until, one day he comes across a small window high above the ground, and looks inside.

The wounded-child sitting amongst his worn books and toys, arranges things again and again, peaceful, in a numb and hazy

kind of way. When one day, a bolt of shining flashes from the window above, and pierces his soul. Gasping he turns to look up, and sees a face at the window, a face of effulgent love and light, his face.

And then the grief returns, the child begins to feel that flood of pain that built his musty house.

He runs to the window and cries for release "O brother cover me again, draw again my curtains, give me back the soothing dust. I can't bear the light, it sears my wounds; save me... save me," as he collapses to the floor and weeps.

The wonder-child sees sitting in the dark, a small boy, with a numb face, who cries out at the love that he gives him, "Release me, release me!" he cries.

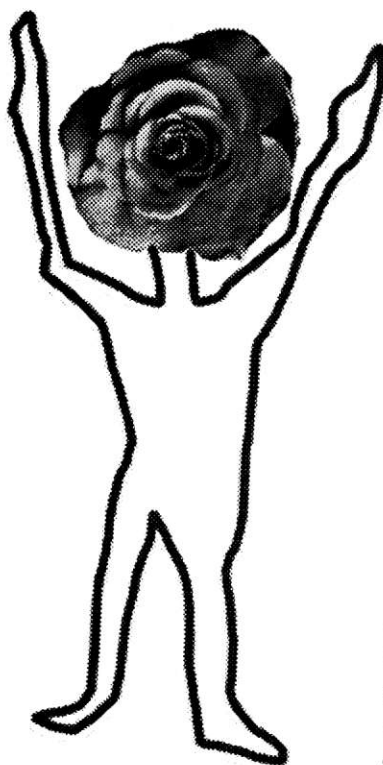
"I do not hold you," The wonder-child answers softly "come outside into the garden." He places his hands against the glass, and the house groans and creaks and cracks in half. The wounded-child sits up amidst the wreckage, the sun on his face. Briefly he holds onto his broken toys, then... lets go... and begins to laugh and laugh, and God touched him

... and the wonder-child danced on.



# Surrender

BY PATHIK



**In** SPIRITUAL TALKS, DISCUSSIONS and writings, one term is used as the panacea of all ills, all problems, all difficulties and it is - 'Surrender.' Surrender is supposed to give us all the solutions. It's a bit of an exaggeration, yet one can not deny its foremost importance in the life of a spiritual aspirant. It's true, that none can even inch ahead without the sense of surrender.

To whom to surrender? Naturally to Parama Purusa. But can one conceive that infinite entity - that unknown entity? Definitely not. The philosophic God is impossible to conceive for a beginner and that is why although some people think that they have surrendered, actually they did not. Without any conception of God, how is it possible that the adamant ego would bow itself? It is like befooling oneself.

One can only surrender to Is't'a and none other than Taraka Brahma - Sadguru can be one's Is't'a. As in Is't'a one sees perfection personified, the unit ego understands it's insignificance and accepts surrender.

But logical - intellectual - acceptance is one thing and awakening and living in that sense of surrender is entirely different. The human ego is like the curly tail of a dog. You hold it and it appears straight, but it curls again as soon as it is released. And as a dog gets angry and annoyed at this effort of straightening, the ego is also very much disturbed at the initial attempts to surrender.

It is so difficult to have even the sense of surrender, complete surrender seem to be a far fetched idea. Yet there is no way out - one has got to fight out the ego - has got to discipline it and to be truthful one can never achieve it without the help of Sadguru.

Sadguru is the only entity who can help us overpower the

unsurmountable ego. And He does it in such a nice way, such a psychological style, that it becomes very interesting and charming to watch it.

If someone gets attached to a project, He removes Him from there, if someone thinks that they can do a job successfully He creates circumstances and the Sadhaka fails to do it - this happens even in the easy to do jobs.

One Margii of Jamshedpur was given duty to get some wooden rods used for cloth rolling. Those smooth round sticks are suitable and are also cheap for flags and festoons. The Margii thought that he could do it in a minute. He went to Sakchi, the biggest cloth market. He needed on 6-7 sticks, he went from one shop to another, what a wonder! No body wanted to give a stick to him even for money. Some said, they did not have and others did not want to give.

He tried to his limit of his tolerance and finally became exhausted and defeated. As he was going back to his home, he was thinking that this was Baba's Liila, that it was because of his ego that he could not get that simple thing even for money.

So the sense of surrender awakened. And as he walked he passed a small cloth market, and he tried once more, without any expectation of succeeding. And what a surprise, he got them all without spending a single cent, on his first attempt. This is how He tames our ego.

It is a common experience that Baba does not allow His followers to have any feeling of accomplishment concerning projects in this physical world. As this would keep the person at the physical level and in addition to inflating the ego would cause the mind to become static. So whenever one works one always faces a situation where the person concerned is always left guessing, whether or not the work will be accomplished. ►



# The human ego is like the curly tail of a dog

➤ He creates unnecessary problems to exhaust our physical and intellectual capacities, so that the person would be forced to turn to the psycho-spiritual sphere. He would bring the sadhaka to the brink of patience and although the work is always accomplished, it would not be due to the person's efforts, but by some unseen, unexpected help at the last moment. Naturally this develops devotion which is another name for surrender.

It is true that even if one understands this game and wants to surrender, it is difficult. So one has to go through the ups and downs, through the stresses and strain, through clashes and cohesion to evolve the mind, to make the mind subtle, to clean the mental plate: The expression of Sam'skaras.

Even while engaged in spiritual duties, delivering spiritual talks for example, it may happen that the person begins to think more on impressing the audience than of their welfare. He wants his photograph taken nicely, he wants the press to give him more coverage etc. One feels elevated by the praise, even false praise. This may happen even to advanced Sadhakas, so one must be ever watchful until complete surrender is achieved, until one merges in that Cosmic Entity.

Actually there is no way out except to have patience. It is better to take to as His Liila; rather this is the reality. So accepting oneself as part of His Liila, as one with whom He is playing, one can join the game willingly and can also enjoy it. This approach infuses and increases the sense of surrender.

In the case of family people all this may appear a difficult affair, but it is not a fact. There is no such question here, it is the same for both family people and Sanyasii's (renunciates). I think many family people may be more established in it than

quite a few Sanyasii's. A family person may think that they are spending so much time in personal and family affairs, and how can surrender be achieved? But what a person does is not as important, as how it is done. To work for the necessities in life is part of His Liila just do not become attached to your efforts. Nor should one get into the habit of worrying about such matters. Baba has already guaranteed that none from amongst His followers would die from want of food. Of course one has to work for it but with the knowledge that He has already made the arrangements. And that the duties being performed have been allotted by Him.

It is easier said than done. Material attachments and aspirations, and the feeling of economic insecurity haunt the common person. That is why He has given us Kiirtan, and it is a sure remedy for these

attachments, ambitions and economic obsessions. I elevates mind much above these mundane problems and establishes it in tranquillity. The intellect-boggling contributions of Anandamurtiji be it philosophy or philology, lyrics or literature, history or herbal medicines, yogic practices or Tantric cults - all have the supreme purpose of getting the unit ego surrendered, by overwhelming us. (It is also a rare addition to the meagre store of human knowledge.) As one understands and realises the insignificance of the intellect, it bows easily allowing the sense of surrender to strengthen its roots.

So this Cosmic drama goes on with a singular purpose ie He wants us to surrender and ultimately merge our identity in Him. The gracious Guru does not leave us alone to achieve it, He helps at every step. Because He is as impatient as we are Helpless. Creation is moving with that ultimate purpose. ■

# Raja Dhiraja Yoga

## PART 2



BY DADA CIDGANANDA

### Guru Mantra

## Second Lesson

### THE FIRST LESSON OF TANTRA

Yoga teaches a person to realise what actually he or she is. But the second lesson teaches a person what this universe is. Really speaking meditation begins with the sense of the second lesson and ends in second lesson. One who is established in second lesson is a Siddha. Therefore it is said that: Gurumantre yaha, Pratisthitah saha Siddhana.

The first lesson is practiced for a few times in 24 hours. Generally twice for general people in the morning and evening. But all the time the psychic wave of a person remains in contact with physical waves and is away from spiritual practice. Hence Guru Mantra has been given to facilitate a person to remain in the idea of Brahma all the time. Second lesson repeatedly hammers the mind that all is Brahma.

Generally people are guided by name and form and this name and form of different animate or inanimate objects are the cause of Maya or illusion. Where there is vision of many there is bondage. The vision of diversity and differences is the cause of worry and anxiety. The vision of one harmonious indivisible is the cause of peace and bliss. By the constant occupation of the mind with the Guru Mantra the wave of diversity and differences goes away from the mind and one realises the singular entity Brahma. In the ultimate sense of reality, nothing exists, neither the world nor the objects of the world, but because of Maya different objects with different colours and forms are seen differently. A person with knowledge sees that name and form are nothing but the causes of bondage and a play of the almighty. When the veil of Maya is lifted from the mind the person sees that all is one and only one. One beginning-less, middle-less and endless entity can never be two or more than one. One who has the realisation of this is a liberated person. Therefore in Yoga Vaishista it is rightly said:

*Na'hambrahmeti drih*

*Samkalpata badho vavati manah,*

*Sa'rvambrahmeti drih*

*Samakalpata mukto bhavati manah.*

By strong faith and determination that I am not Brahma, the mind is bound up, and by the strong faith and determination

that all is Brahma, mind is liberated. King Janaka also said the same thing to Sukdev, that in this universe there is nothing other than Parama'tma'. The Gita says that untruth (Asat) does never exist in the universe and the truth does never lack in this universe. Hence the ignorant persons think that there are other things than Brahma and thereby they get disturbed and then clash and cohesion follows.

Brahma has three phases: Akshar Brahma, Kshar Brahma and Nirakshar. The expressed universe is Kshar Brahma as it perishes. Akshar is imperishable and Nirakshar controls all Akshar and Kshar. Though everything is Brahma the object of concentration should be Nirakshar who is capable of sending a person into Akshar. In the ultimate sense all is Akshar, but people see body and mind which are Kshar, but do not see soul which is Nirakshar. The soul is everywhere. All is soul and from the highest point of view also there is no question of Kshar, Akshar and Nirakshar.

It is because He is the controller and is the controlled also, this is the cause of bliss. A Brahmajinani (knower of Brahma) does not feel separation from Him at all. So the Brahmajinani is associated with Him alone, as Brahma is the Supreme singular entity. This truth can be uttered by a realised soul.

Just like Bhuta Shuddhi and A'sana Shuddhi of the first lesson, the second lesson helps a person to withdraw the "I" ness and remain unaffected by the physical waves. Secondly, when the ideation of the infinite is imposed on an object, hatred and attachment flee away from the mind, because all attachment and hatred linger only when the ideation is not of the Whole. Fear complexes also vanish away with this ideation, and when one is established in this one goes into Dharma Megha Samadhi. Dharma Megha Samadhi is when one is permeated with the Dharma of infinity. The external objects and internal feelings are then not separate, but merged in Dharma. They become one indivisible Cosmic Consciousness. So the objects are also He. All, right from soul to so-called matter are He. At this point a sadhaka understands that there is nothing crude or material in this universe. For a realised person one exists, and never more than one. Here I must say ►

- ▷ that in the practical behaviour in the world a person should be careful and cautious because the realisation of One is pure, and all people are under bondage, and hence suffer from fear, and guilty consciences, and so many other complexes which they so far have been unable to conquer through spiritual practice. Without attainment, complete fearlessness does not come. So one should put their efforts into attaining this state rather than speaking theoretically, though theoretical speaking will also help, because, as one thinks so one becomes.

Realised persons are like lions. They do not fear anything as that which creates fear is conquered. This is the stage at and above Ajina Cakra. Those who are below Ajina Cakra will not have unflinching faith. Such persons who have Brahmajinan (knowledge of Brahma) feel some effect of physicality but know that it is not the Ultimate and that it is the effect of billions and millions of protoplasmic and metazoic minds in the physical structure. Such a person becomes the witness of these minds and remains separate.

In Guru Mantra, the ideation is more important than the repetition of the Mantra. Here the mind is given the highest ideation and since that highest is the singular infinite entity a spiritualist dances in rapture when he or she considers everything as God. Then whom will such a person love? Whom will he run away from? Whom will he embrace, when all are one? It is said in a Bengali verse:

*Sa'p Baneya Ka'to re banda'  
Djha' Baneja Jharo  
Khub kamal ganove banda'  
Khum Kamal Ja'no.*

That is, "You came in the form of a snake and bite, and You alone cure the poison by becoming the snake charmer - You know the great trick, the great trick."

By the Grace of Guru and through the practice of Sadhana one can realise this state.

## Conception

### Third Lesson

TATTVA DHARANA IS A conception on the different factors of the body with their centres at different plexuses or Cakras. The whole physical body is made out of five fundamental factors: Ether, Aerial, Luminous, Liquid and solid.

These five factors are present throughout the body, but the different factors are controlled from specific centres within the body. Muladhara Cakra which is at the base of the spine, controls solid factor. Svadhista which is six fingers above, controls the Liquid factor. The luminous factor is controlled by the Manipura which is situated at the navel. Anahata Cakra controls the Aerial factor and Visuddha controls the Ethereal factor.

It is essential for the preservation and vitality of the body, to keep all these factors in a balanced state, and to retain control over them. Through the practice of third lesson a person

develops these two qualities. Secondly, the feeling of "I"ness is strongly inbedded in these Cakras, and simple thought, or withdrawal of mind is not enough to overcome this. So this process of conception has been given, where some mental force is applied to the Cakras, in order for the withdrawal to become stronger and control be gained over the five factors.

This third lesson is known as Dharana. Dharana is dynamic in character, with changing objects, and based on the five factors. Here long periods of concentration are not called for, simply because Dharana is performed within the five factors only. It in itself is not able to liberate the mind, because liberation is beyond the five factors, and even above the mind. What Dharana does do, is help the mind to withdraw itself from the five fundamental factors. Hence Iishvara Pranidhana (first lesson) is helped a lot.

The third lesson also enables one to get detachment, as one begins to realise that, all objects that one has become attached with are nothing but the combination of the five factors. Hence the control of the five fundamental factors gives control over all the objects which are made out of the five fundamental factors. The effect of conception on the body is also very positive, general physical pains and sufferings can be controlled.

There is a special posture given for the practice of third lesson, known as Viira'sana (Brave posture). Due to the Physico-psychic effect of this posture the mind is able to concentrate with much strength and power, more so than in other postures.

The acoustic root words of the different fundamental factors are also applied with a particular description of the true nature of the factor and their results. All this helps in the withdrawal and control over the factors. Some people feel some pain in the head in the beginning stages practice. This is due to impurity in the body and being unable to tolerate comfortably, the force generated in this lesson.

Through the practice of third lesson tremendous mental force is gained, which ultimately brings about empowerment of occult capabilities.

These powers come about automatically, but under no circumstances should a sadhaka attach any importance to them. If it is done so, then there is immediate downfall. The feeling of power gives rise to ego, and this ego causes the aspirant to deviate from Brahmabhava (ideation of the Supreme), which knows no complex, either inferiority or superiority. Those who move ahead, steadfast on the path of God, become quiet, ego-less and most benevolent. It has been seen that many spiritualists were punished for using their occult powers and ultimately they deviated from their goal, liberation and Salvation. Here an important role is played by the Sadguru. That even if power does come then He makes the Sadhaka, unconscious of it and thus saving the aspirant from possible downfall. ■

# Why I think this is the greatest time to be in Ananda Marga

BY LIILA

## Hello Everyone

CONTRARY TO CURRENT mysterious trends in our global organization, I am finding this one of the most rewarding periods in my career as a Margii, and I want to share my experiences here for the first time! You know, when the Guru was alive, I was lucky enough to be able to go to see Him on a fairly regular basis (once or twice a year over four or five years). However, the rest of the time I lived quite far away from India, so that much of my experience with Baba, much of the beautiful relationship, developed during sadhana, and even more so whilst doing work for His mission. In this way, I feel I was really lucky, because I was able to develop love for our mission without relying on Him to be there physically.

I also feel that in this way, the sisters had an advantage. As we were not able to see Baba as often nor as intimately as the brothers, we were forced earlier on to rely on other means to experience His presence. So in other words, the relationship that I personally have developed has been much more work-oriented than physically-oriented. I now feel that this has been a great advantage, though at the time I used to get clashed about all the attention the brothers had, for example.

The other side of this is that often when I got to India, I had trouble lining up the person in front of me, giving Dharshan, with the internal sense of who Baba was, which I had developed with His help while far away, in New York City. I was not one of those Margiis who had heaps of personal experiences with Baba the man, but I felt like I'd had countless ones with Him as Guru, those endless little blessings He gives us in the midst of doing His work.

Do you remember when Baba left us, many were reading from His words, and often it was stated that in fact, once He leaves us physically, actually the work itself will accelerate? This is the thing I find so fascinating. I never believed it. I thought, it's just something all the Dadas and Didis are saying so we'll recover! But in fact, He has never wanted the

work to stop, it is all still going on, and I am finding it, if and when I take the chance, easier to get things done. I also remember that Baba said that in the latter part of this century, and of this decade, people's consciousness will increase and they will be more and more ready to accept our ideology.

Recently it came out in the paper here that 85 to 90 percent of Australians want the environment protected. That's a wild statistic, and I don't think it would have happened even five or six years ago. I do think people's consciousness is changing, and I think now more than ever we have the opportunity to effect the direction and the changes that the society is making. I find people open, ready and willing to help. So, for the same amount of work, much progress can and will be made.

I honestly find it to be an easy and joyful time to be a Margii. We are relatively isolated here, so we spend 90 to 95% of our time with non-Margiis, something that I have enjoyed! Of course I miss all the Margiis on the mainland, but I do enjoy the "liila" He gives us here! ■

## Going Away Present

BY DADA PARAMANANDA

## The last time

I SAW BA'BA' ALIVE IN PHYSICAL form was at the end of September 1990 during the world RDS in Calcutta. By this time Ba'ba' was under medical care. His movements and activity were restricted by Doctor's order as well as His own intentions and ongoing Liila.

Though we enjoyed watching His daily walks through the gardens at His Tiljala house we had no opportunity to meet with Him. Throughout the week of meetings and discussions ►

▷ not even a single reporting session or darshan was conducted. All the assembled workers were feeling disappointment as well as concern for Ba'ba's well-being.

On the next to last day my ticket to leave India was confirmed and purchased. We had one last meeting that evening and the next morning I needed to leave for the airport. On my back to the jagrti I purchased a garland to offer Ba'ba' before departing. Every RDS ended with each worker present offering a garland, touching His feet and receiving His blessing.

Arriving late for the final meeting I entered in time to learn that we would not have chance to meet with Ba'ba' nor would we get opportunity to personally offer our garlands. Anger and sorrow filled my mind, I felt cheated and hurt and stomped the ground like a child who could not get his or her way.

Early the next morning before completing my sa'dhana' I went to meet one Dada at Ba'ba's quarter. As Dada was not there I sat in the hall adjacent to Ba'ba's room to complete my lessons. Immediately my mind became absorbed and deeply concentrated. I began to feel a wave of bliss rising within which became overpowering as it rose up and shot through the top of my head. Lost in sheer enjoyment I was still conscious enough to direct my attention through the wall to Ba'ba's room as I thought, "Thank you Ba'ba'. All this week I could not be near You and enjoy your affectionate attention and now in this final moment You bestow upon me this going away present."

The bliss receded, I met Dada, completed all formalities and before long was in the air and on my way.

I arrived in Seoul, Korea on 21 October and met Dadas Para'nandaji and Mantracetanya'nandaji at the jagrti. We spent the day together and were sleeping when the phone woke me up at 3.30 am. In the dark I answered and heard Didi Ananda Harimaya'ji sobbing and telling that she had just spoken to someone in Tiljala who told her that Ba'ba' had left us. Still half asleep I questioned Didi and tried to reassure her that something must be mistaken and that we would also try to phone India and see if things could be cleared up.

The other Dadas by this time were also awake and wondering what was the matter. We tried to phone India, could not get through and then phoned to the Sweden training centre to ask what Dada Dhruva'nandaji knew. From there and later through direct contact with central office the reality sank in. We three Dadas sat in our blankets and sleeping bags as the hours passed. In shared silence, in tears, at times in laughter six hours passed in sa'dhana', memories and thoughts for what the future would hold. As others in the jagrti arose and prepared for their day we remained

in our room as if time itself was suspended.

The first thought I had when the news had been confirmed were the very words He put in my mind during that blissful last moment in Calcutta - indeed, that truly was His going away present. ■

## Presence

### During my years

AS GENERAL MARGII and LFT I cultivated the habit of doing long, loud and often rather energetic Kiirtan. Many times this would be done alone and I could freely improvise new melodies and harmonies to my heart's content.

In the late Spring and early Summer of 1978 I was at the sectorial office in Denver Colorado finishing up my work with Renaissance Universal. It was a beautiful day as I started a midday kiirtan alone in the meditation room. Before long I heard a sister's voice behind me and enjoyed the extra energy she provided. The kiirtan continued and it struck me how her voice was unfamiliar and sounded particularly beautiful.

After some time I turned to see who had joined me - I was alone in the room.

This interesting phenomenon could have been ignored if that was the single experience of it. But it continued. Every now and then when doing kiirtan alone the same celestial-sounding voice would join me. After the second or third occurrence I began to invoke her, inviting her to join me. I never told anyone about this and no one ever seemed to notice.

A month or so later I shifted to Seattle where the first sectorial office for PROUT work was getting established. After being in the city for a few days the same experience came again as I enjoyed her renewed presence during my midday kiirtan.

After completing sa'dhana' and entering the kitchen for lunch one of the other LFTs asked me, "Who was that singing kiirtan with you today?". After that I never again enjoyed her special accompaniment. ■

# A Maori Walks The Tantric Path



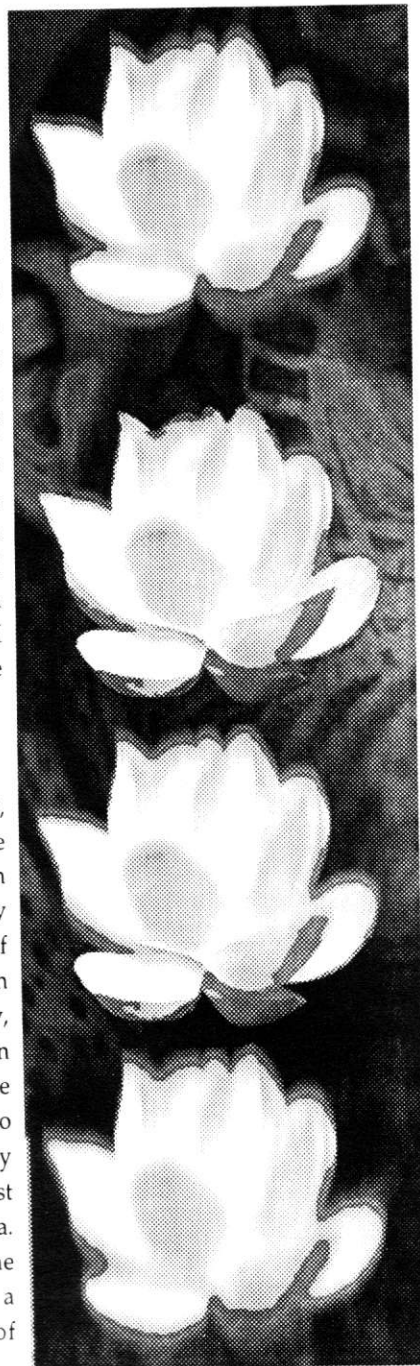
BY RAMANA MAHARSI

**When**

I REFLECT ON MY TIME IN Baba's mission two things come to mind as being most compelling: firstly, the sense of being saturated in a sea of devotion associated with tantric initiation ("finding" - or rather, "being permitted to find" the tantric guru), and secondly, the manner in which that devotion, and my experience of the tantric path was profoundly, steeped in mystery. One of the most tangible expressions of that mystery has been for me, the almost incredible manner in which my experience of tantric cult was "made to unfold" in a manner faithful to my roots in Maori culture. Indeed, there has always been, a close association between my indigenous roots as Maori, and my devotional and experiential life as a devotee of the tantric guru. In what follows I relate some of the moments which have characterised that association.

## In search of a Maori guru

BORN IN THE TURBULENT SIXTIES, the third son of a Maori woman of the Te Arawa tribe, it was not my fate to be raised in my ancestral lands, nor, indeed, in my ancestral culture. Like many Maori children of this era, I was given up for adoption, raised in a loving and warm Pakeha (European) family, and here, learnt the ways of the Western world and the Western mind. By my late teens, the time had come for me to return to my Maori roots, and with the blessings of my parents, I journeyed north and lived amongst my blood family and the peoples of Te Arawa. And here I began to learn the ways of the Maori world. It was a very different world, a world of profound cultural richness, of



community, of tradition and dignity; a world that knew other worlds, that knew the spaces of silence, and the timelessness of time: it was a world steeped in mysticism. It was also a shattered world, a world with the weeping wounds of colonisation, and it stirred in me a passion. It was here, amidst this colossal juxtaposing of sublimity and suffering... that arose the yearning to take to the spiritual path.

Enamoured by the mystery and charm of this ancestral world I desired so much to express that spirituality within the context of Maori mystical culture: I would find a Maori guru, I determined - a tohunga who would guide me along the trails of initiation to establish my being in te wai pounamu - the waters of ultimate awareness. Alas, my searching went in vain, and yet all the while this yearning was deepening, becoming, indeed, almost unbearable. I returned to the South Island to complete my University studies, upon which I gained an appointment as a researcher with the prestigious Waitangi Tribunal - the body responsible for bringing all tribal land claims and grievances against the Government. But even as I accepted this position and prepared to shift to Te Upoko o te Ika (Wellington), I knew that a much greater task awaited me. There was nothing else I could do: I resigned my position and announced to my bewildered friends and family that only one thing mattered to me: finding my spiritual master. Having not realised that endeavour in Aoteroa (New Zealand) then I would travel the world in ►

**P R A N A M**

OCTOBER 1996

▷ my quest. I will return, I announced, after seven years.

## Finding spirituality in NYC

I CARRIED WITH ME ON MY TRAVELS two taonga ("treasures"): a green stone (pounamu) pendant carved in the image of the mythical kukupa bird, given to me amidst great ceremony and tears by the Maori community I was living with, and which, it was said, would guide me on my travels. The second "treasure" I carried was a small booklet entitled "Metaphysical Meditations", and which bore the sublime image of the Indian yogii who had scribed it. It was in the unlikely setting of the skyscrapers of downtown New York City that I came a step closer towards realising my goal. It was here, walking down Fifth Avenue that I beheld an amazing sight: in the window of a shop a large picture hung - it was the image of the Indian yogii from the booklet I carried! It advertised a satsaunga to be led by the senior disciples of the spiritual master Paramahansa Yogananda. I attended the gathering and readily accepted Yogananda as my much sought after spiritual master.

My journey carried me on to Europe, and then to England where my two sisters and brother were living. I settled in London where the focal point of my life was twofold: twice weekly collective meditations with the London branch of Yogananda's Self Realization Fellowship, and a passionate involvement with Ngati Ranana, the London Maori Club. It was a wonderful time of my life: I had found in meditation and yogic culture the satiation of the spiritual yearning that had so tormented me. In the Maori Club I began the inevitable process of synthesizing Eastern spirituality with my role as kai-karakia - the "prayer-maker" which gave me scope to displace, somewhat, the strong Christian inflection which had crept in to much of Maori culture, and introduce into our Maori community, a deeper spirituality that I sensed was much closer to the original pre-colonial Maori culture. It was a theme which was to occupy my mind for years to come.

As my journey deepened a certain "tension" arose between myself and the spiritual path I was committed to. I had stopped cutting my hair and had grown a beard, which, while being indigenous to yogic culture, presented something of a challenge to the very middle class SRF

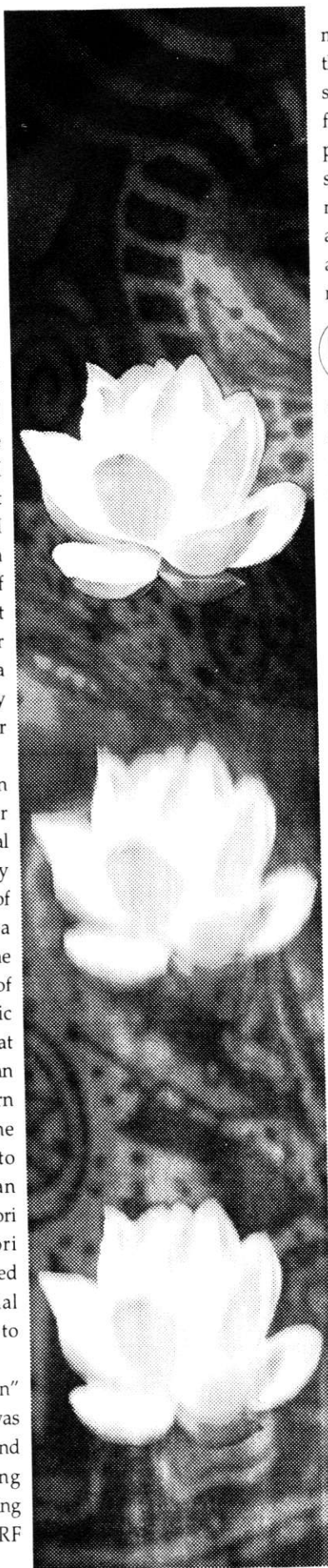
membership to which I belonged. As well as this, I had a certain difficulty in reconciling this spiritual tradition with the intensely political feeling I had long held: the fact was, the spiritual path I was following was apolitical, it did not speak to issues of social transformation, it did not address issues of human suffering other than at a purely internal level. I somehow yearned for a blending of spirituality and a transformative - nay, a revolutionary - political ideology.

## I meet a Maori monk

I HAVE OFTEN REFLECTED HOW, on the spiritual path, all one's desires when sincerely held, seem always to come to fruition. Even the process of surrender seems only to change the time frame within which such desires are realised, and, of course, the manner of their expression. This was very much the realisation that has come to me as I reflect upon the following encounter. The London Maori Club, which played so important a role in my life met each Tuesday evening in central London in rooms provided by the New Zealand Embassy.

Two such gatherings remain particularly powerful in my mind. On one occasion I arrived very late, and quietly opened the door to the meeting room to be greeted by a most unusual sight: there, sitting amidst the group sat a stunning figure: clad in orange robes and a turban, with long hair and beard, a veritable Indian monk! At the close of the meeting I was surprised to find this strange, mystic figure making straight for me! As inappropriate as it was, I greeted him in Maori and was surprised to receive a Maori reply in response! He introduces himself as "Dada", a monk of Ananda Marga, and a Maori of the Ngati Raukawa tribe! We sat together for a short time, Dada telling me something of his life and his path. I remember only two things from our meeting: the word "Shiva", and the claim that his guru could speak Maori. "He could speak Maori?" I asked in disbelief! "He could speak every language", Dada replied, somewhat awkwardly!

It was fitting that my first association with Ananda Marga should come through the person of this Maori Acarya! At another level - a symbolic level - it really was the fulfillment of that earlier held desire to find a Maori guru. In one sense it was that I would be called to travel to other side of the planet for that encounter. ■



# THE ADVENTURES OF SAMSKARA SAM

EP.6

BY ATMADEVA

*Deep in sadhana on a full moon night, you may happen to delve into the quirkiest region of the collective consciousness and find the following dished-up on your mental plate: 'Summary of Previous Episode/Samskara Sam'. Feverishly, you read on: 'A Proutist coup d'etat takes place at the Lismore Master Unit. Only hours earlier our diverse conglomeration of protagonists have foolishly fitted themselves out as 'conspicuous consumption margiis'. Highly inappropriate dress, given the changed political climate: the new regime has imposed a wealth ceiling of only 50.00 rupees/month. Along with cult-napped youngster J.R. Rasagoullafella Jnr. and talk show host Ms Ota-Yoga Wimfrey, they are duly arrested and bundled into an old Mazda school bus. Destination: the notorious Tic Tic Town Re-Education Camp'.*

## The Benevolent Dictator

UNDER THE ARMED ESCORT OF THE 'P TROOPERS' (PROUTist perpetrators of the coup, dressed in yellow skivvies emblazoned with the letter 'P'), the bus rattled along dusty roads through a terrible sleepless night. The journey was made all the more uncomfortable by the minuscule kindergarten-sized seats and the zealot in 'continuous play mode' booming out the Five Principles of PROUT for the entire journey.

At last we arrived at notorious Tic Tic Town Re-Education Camp. It was surprisingly beautiful in the early morning light. Nestled around what appeared to be Lake Geneva were a series of villas, tennis courts, swimming pools, jet boats... even a 'Yogi's R Us' department store.

We were processed in a glamorous reception room under the guidance of a Camp Commandant, a wise old Cakra Balance Technician with a huge snow white beard (rather like Father Christmas). All our 'conspicuous consumption wear' was thrown into an AMURT Children's Home Clothing Bin, and we donned our camp uniforms. It was a solemn, transforming experience. A rebirth, more profound than any rebirthing workshop. Our new outfits consisted of pale orange pyjamas, a necklace name tag made of wood and an unremovable high-tech anklet which plotted our position on an

electronic surveillance system at all times.

Feeling like psychiatric patients we went upstairs to a three course breakfast at the five star pabula intake centre. There I met, of all people, my Cult Bust Inc. supervisor Rajaguna Roy!

'What the hell are you doing here, you rajasik blob of reactive momenta!' I half whispered, half shouted, looking furtively around to see that no one in a position of authority saw me speaking to such a loser.

'It's all over, Sammy' he wept 'The stock market crashed at 9.07 am yesterday morning. Executives, are jumping from their penthouses. Stockbrokers and property speculators are driving their BMW's into the harbour. Global capitalism is finished. Australia is the first domino to fall and soon the PROUTists will be in control everywhere... I tried to make my escape via the American embassy. Thousands had fled there, only to witness the last chopper leaving the rooftop. Then some 'P' troopers nabbed me and here I am, my only crime, having a red face and being in possession of an onion'.

It all sounded so unreal - as unreal as the heaviest dose of pseudo culture. Capitalism finished!? No more shopping, No more accumulating stuff. No more buy this, buy that. And no more cult-busting too! Rajaguna Roy looked forlorn. Not only had this morning's collective shoulder stand left him feeling upside down, but the sentient food didn't give him the necessary kicks.

Looking at my own situation, I noted the following: I was jobless, possession-less, credit card-less. I had nothing... yet somehow I had everything! This sounded funny, but I felt I had in my possession an unknown happiness. A ring of spiritual confidence orbited my left knee. And my brainwaves seemed to be moving about entirely different poles. Besides, the food in this place wasn't bad at all.

Leaving Rajaguna Roy to his misery I mingled with some of the other inmates for the duration of the three hour breakfast. First person I met was formerly a big shot movie director... famous for the now banned soapie/romance 'Runaway Beach' which starred ex-Cakra Balance Technicians playing their post-missionary lifestyles. Then there was the nutty professor who claimed to have discovered the eighth cakra. (If you are ►

▷ interested in trying to locate it, go up 257mm from the 7th cakra then head another 141mm in the direction of Tiljila and there it is!... feel it?). I pondered: if this was so, then shouldn't a Namaskar be moved up a notch, with the hands touching the Sahasrara and Visuddha Cakras?

I also had the pleasure of meeting Johnnie Jai (He's the one who gets all excited when someone says 'Param Pita') and the 'Orange Brothers'. They were an interesting phenomenon, a duo not unlike Samskara Samantha and myself. One was a little overweight and both wore shabby suits and dark glasses. Over-zealous in their fund raising efforts, they were doing time for eight counts of dangerous driving; twelve counts of using non-sentient language; and forty one counts of drinking in a standing position.

Pretty soon breakfast was finished and it was almost time for lunch. Father Christmas blew his whistle and put me on meal preparation. I found myself in an affinity group with all my old friends. We laboured in an enormous gourmet kitchen under the expert guidance of cordon bleu chefs, while the others raved about the 'How to Find the Right Mate Astrology Workshop' they'd just been to.

The methods of the new regime were indeed surprising. The warders carried carrots, rather than sticks and seemed to have the objective of making life so good here that no one would want to escape. Take away the anklets and Tic Tic Town would be more like a New Age festival on a cruise ship than a corrective institution. Running the whole show was Father Christmas, ship's captain or Benevolent Dictator if you will.

Putting the finishing touches to a carob moose my mouth began to water. But in vain. The Benevolent Dictator came into the room and announced that all the food was for sadavarata (food service) and none of it would be for us. With shoulders stooped in disappointment, J.R. Rasagoullafella Jnr. and myself carried a tray of... you guessed it: rasagoullas, to a gleaming white nine seater Toyota bus. Such is (spiritual) life: one could have no attachments on the autobahn to the Atman.

The sadavarata was in a nearby shanty town, a large community of 'no-name' margiis. They lived in drab black and white cardboard boxes and their use-by-dates were forever expiring. These were the poorest of the poor- not even shudras and they were mighty pleased to see us. The food was devoured in about four minutes and it must be said that we too left the feeding ground with a sense of nourishment: spiritual nourishment.

Feeling quite inspired, J.R. Rasagoullafella Jnr. and myself



Special Agent Samskara Samantha ideating strongly at the Tic Tic Town Sadhana Pitta

went down to Lake Geneva to do a spot of meditation. On a small peninsula, we found a beautiful graveyard shaded by cypress pines. Despite the fact that the Orange Brothers were careening about the lake in their jet boats, we were still able to do deep meditation because the place was so well vibrated. Too well vibrated: soon I began to hear spooky noises. oooohheeeei-mmma^aghdanv he he he! Fearfully I reconnoitred around the tombstones. Before long I found the emanation point. It was the Kamamaya Kid, hiding in a nearby crypt with a ghetto blaster playing Kapalika Meditation SFX (KapalikaMed Sound Effects: Graveyard Mix - available at Yogi's R US \$19.95). I made a few SFX of my

own and the junior jiiva fled.

Returning to my five speed sadhana mat I again descended into deep meditation. It seemed I was plunging into the grave and merging with a recently departed soul. *That soul* was Fat Orange Brother who had just drowned himself in the lake.

I came out of sadhana in the crimson dawn of the next day. Dripping wet and 20kg overweight I peered from dark sunglasses to find the benevolent dictator standing before me. I tried to touch his feet, but he belted me with a very long carrot.

'What is your name, junior jiiva?'

I'm not a junior jiiva, I'm a senior jiiva I thought to myself.

'Samskara Sam... I think... except that I seem to have Fat Orange Brother's body'

'Yesss, you do indeed' he giggled 'This is punishment for all your past mistakes. Do you accept punishment for these mistakes?'

'Er... what mistakes?... oh yeh... OK'.

Then the benevolent dictator smiled and tapped me on the seventh cakra (or was it the eighth?) with his very long carrot and Fat Orange Brother's disgusting bodily attributes dissolved instantly. I was again my essential self, beaming with goodness.

'Now go ahead my junior jiiva and do good work'

I gave him a 1Gb Namaskar and left that sacred place.

Back in the real world, Unit Entity No.12, doing time as an ice cream cart, had bogged himself on the beach so I hauled him out (turning down the offer of a White Magnum.). A small girl's tricycle was squeaky so I oiled it for her. RS Pluto broke his tongue cleaner so I gave him a carbon fibre one. An ant needed it's gearbox overhauled so I overhauled it. Etc. Etc.

So began my new job as a goody goody, working for His mission. One quinquemental adventure was over and maybe a new one was just beginning. ■

moonlit night. Baba **Arrival** long time staring at  
the stars. He was very serious, not speaking,  
thinking something very deeply. No-one dared to  
In January 1967 we were sitting with Baba under  
the wood apple tree. We used to sit in a circle  
around him on His blanket, and he would say 'my  
four children at the four corners'. It was a clear

### The first thing

I DID ONCE

I was released over being wrongfully imprisoned over the Hilton bombing, was to apply for a passport so I could visit Ba'ba'. This took several months because I was still on ASIO's lists of known terrorists. Finally their bureaucracy got around to noting that I'd been given a full pardon to my convictions and therefore ASIO had no valid reason to withhold my passport. As soon as I received my passport I was on a plane for India. I was so eager to go I did not even bother to find out where in Calcutta Ba'ba' lived.

Such a small detail I felt Ba'ba' would take care of when I got there. **CALCUTTA AIRPORT:** Arriving at Calcutta airport was mixed with excitement and some trepidation. Stories of security police watching out for anyone who might be a Margii and having them deported, were fresh in my mind.

Consequently I had prepared myself to look very non-Margii. I shaved my beard, had my hair cut short, wore leather shoes and had a cigarette pack ostentatiously in my top pocket. While waiting in line to be processed I noticed a plain clothes man looking at me. I felt nervous. I've been spotted! I thought.

ARRIVING AT  
CALCUTTA AIRPORT  
WAS MIXED WITH  
EXCITEMENT  
AND SOME  
TREPIDATION



This calls for drastic action. Therefore I pulled out a cigarette, lit it and smoked! I felt if I did not inhale fully the man would tell that I was faking. So taking my Mantra I inhaled fully, praying to Ba'ba' that I would not start coughing, which I normally would do not having smoked in over 13 years. But by His infinite grace I experienced no reaction. I inhaled and exhaled with ease as if I were a regular smoker. As soon as my smoking started the man seemed to lose interest in me and walked away.

I went through customs and immigration like a breeze. It was like Ba'ba' had thrown open the door for me to enter His abode! Once I stepped out into the warm September afternoon sun, a feeling of excitement and grace overcame me. So too did a crowd of hustlers, trying to get me to go to their taxi. After some arguing, I had already found out in Singapore what was a reasonable rate, I got into a taxi and was off to Lake Gardens, a Calcutta suburb where Ba'ba' lived.

As I got closer to Lake Gardens the taxi driver wanted to know where exactly I wanted to go. I said to Ba'ba's house, Ananda Marga, but it drew a blank response. Feeling Ba'ba' was in control and therefore confident of

## FASTING DATES

### October

Monday 7th (Ekadashi)  
Saturday 12th (Amavasya)  
Tuesday 22th (Ekadashi)  
Saturday 26th (Purnima)

### November

Wednesday 6th (Ekadashi)  
Sunday 10th (Amavasya)  
Wednesday 20th (Ekadashi)  
Sunday 24th (Purnima)

### December

Friday 6th (Ekadashi)  
Tuesday 10th (Amavasya)  
Friday 20th (Ekadashi)  
Tuesday 24th (Purnima)



*The Fasting Buddha: 2nd or 3rd Century AD, Gandhara Region, India*

finding His house, I told the taxi man to ask another group of taxi drivers sitting nearby. They immediately came alive when he asked for Ba'ba's house. I knew then I'd kicked a goal and I would soon be enjoying Ba'ba's Dharshan. Better late than never I thought, even if it is thirteen years late! Down narrow stone streets we went, weaving in and out of the multitude of people walking and riding push bikes and scooters on the same road.

Suddenly I noticed a Didi and stopped the taxi to ask directions. She pointed down a street. We turned down it and my heart went into my throat as I saw a crowd of orange outside a house gate. Parama Pita Ba'ba' Ki Jai ! I thought, it was Ba'ba's house for sure. Heart pounding I quickly paid the taxi man and jumped out. I was home. That sweet feeling of being among Margiis was there. I had arrived just in time for Sunday afternoon Darshan.

Quickly I found where to have a half bath and dumping my belongings in the garage where Ba'ba's car is kept, I nervously moved to the entrance of the Dharshan room. Over a sea of shoes I walked into the Dharshan room. Ba'ba', it was packed. I never thought that so many people could get into one room. But how was I to find a place ? Some serious concern gripped me as the thought I'd miss out due to lack of sitting space became a real possibility. But then I felt more determined to find room: I had not come this far to be stopped by lack of seating space! Pushing my way in, I found a small space against a wall. With knees up against my chest I began what was to be a familiar experience: waiting for Ba'ba' in a crowded cramped room with aching knees and backside!

Then I was called to the front by a worker who knew of me (Dada Vijayananda). I stood in front of everyone listening to this Dada talking in Bengali about me and the Hilton case. I was then asked to say something. I spoke a bit about how Ba'ba' helped us and graced us with a

victory. Then I was told to sit down, only now I was in the front ! Thank you Ba'ba'!!! After what seemed like hours, voices and excitement swept through the room with a sound of Ba'ba's here Ba'ba's Back (He'd been on field walk). Excitedly with some nervousness I waited for that long awaited experience: to have Ba'ba's Darshan (vision). What would Ba'ba' be like?. Will I experience anything? . These and other thoughts hurtled through my racing mind.

BA'BA'S DHARSHAN: Suddenly there was some noise, a door flung open and in came Ba'ba', followed by a mass of WT's. Immediately I perceived something special about Him, something divine and super human. The air in the room seemed to become electrified. My vision seemed to be picking up on vibrations and in the air around Him. Such dignity and control Ba'ba' seemed to have. Senior Avadhutas who could be Gurus in there own right seemed like little puppy dogs around Ba'ba', eager to please and do His every command. Margiis cried out 'Ba'ba', others just looked up in awe and wonder. I too became struck with awe and wonder for the whole hour and half while Ba'ba' sat and talked in Bengali. I could not take my mind off Him, such a sight, a Divine sight, I was captivated by Him.

But I felt no Love, no strong pull of devotion for Him, it was more psychic enchantment than anything else. Finally it came time for Ba'ba' to leave. As He came in with a sea of workers behind Him, so He left with Avadhutas scrambling behind Him. Suddenly Ba'ba' was gone, it was over ! I closed my eyes and did Dhyana. As I did this bliss and Love over came me. Tears ran down my cheeks. It was as though my nervous system could not take all the energy Ba'ba' was giving out, and only now that He had gone, could I take it all. I cried with joy, my dearly beloved was finally met, consummated with His Darshan. ■

# Suva Sector Addresses

## AMPS

**Suva Sectorial Office and MG Quarters**  
 Madhu Nilaya  
 19 Lovel St.  
 Katoomba NSW 2780  
 PO Box 231  
 Tel & Fax [call first]: (047) 823 911  
 (047) 826 652  
 krsnasev@pnc.com.au

## Sydney Region

**PROUT/AMPS**  
 5 Kensington Rd.  
 Summer Hill NSW 2130  
 (02) 798 5090  
 PO Box 110  
 Summer Hill NSW 2130  
 gopal99@magnet.com.au

## Canberra

16 Clarey Cres.  
 Spence ACT 2615  
 (06) 258 6632  
 u961309@student.canberra.edu.au

**Ananda Rainjana MU**  
 Lot 66 Chelmsford Rd.  
 Wongavale NSW 2480 (Lismore)  
 (066) 880 012  
 s.gunther@s.cu.edu.au

## WWD - Sydney

32b Andreas St.  
 Petersham NSW 2049  
 Ph: (02) 564 1094

**Vistara Primary School  
 & Ananda Batika MU**  
 Lot 8 Richmond Hill Rd.  
 Richmond Hill  
 Via Lismore NSW 2480  
 (066) 244 127

## Melbourne Region

**AMPS**  
 25 Hall St.  
 Coburg VIC 3058  
 (03) 9384 0269

**WWD**  
 199 Clausen St.  
 North Fitzroy VIC 3068  
 (03) 9481 5324  
 Fax (03) 482 4508

**Adelaide**  
**AMPS**  
 380 Regency Rd.  
 Prospect SA 5082  
 (08) 269 7034

## AMPS

85 Jubilee Rd  
 South Hobart TAS 7004  
 (002) 232 537  
 liilark@ozemail.com.au

## WWD

77 Jubilee Rd.  
 South Hobart TAS 7004  
 (002) 242 252

## Brisbane Region

**AMPS**  
 2 Prospect Tce.  
 Highgate Hill QLD 4101  
 (07) 3846 5209

**Anandapalli MU**  
 GBTC Training Centre  
 PO Box 797  
 Severnlea QLD 4350  
 (076) 835 207

**WWD**  
 37 Gloucester Rd  
 Highgate Hill QLD 4101  
 (07) 3844 2944

**Ananda Madhurii MU**  
 M/S 11g  
 4 Kewin Rd  
 Glastonberry QLD 4570  
 (074) 849 166

**Ananda Kamala' MU**  
 PO Box 177  
 Maleny QLD 4552  
 (074) 999 359  
 inrsong@ozemail.com.au

**Ananda Marga River School**  
 PO Box 411  
 Maleny QLD 4552  
 Tel & Fax (074) 943 559  
 dadamey@ozemail.com.au

**Cairns**  
 85 Reservoir Rd  
 Edge Hills, Cairns QLD 4870  
 (070) 332 956

**Darwin**  
 12 Lakeside Dr  
 Alawa NT 0810  
 (089) 853 120

## Perth Region

**AMPS**  
 61 Kimberley St.  
 PO Box 1027  
 West Leederville WA 6007  
 (09) 381 7024/381 5924

## WWD

9 Grosvenor Rd.  
 Bayswater WA 6053  
 (09) 271 1767

## Wellington Region

**AMPS**  
 51 Sussex St.  
 Grey Lynn  
 Auckland NZ  
 (649) 376 2290

**WWD**  
 156 Haverstock Rd  
 Sandringham  
 Auckland NZ  
 (649) 846 0355

## Guam Region

**AMPS**  
 PO Box 21987  
 Guam USA 96921  
 (671) 734 4354  
 ananda@kuentos.guam.net

**WWD Preschool**  
 125 Angela Ct.  
 Dededo Guam 96912  
 Tel & Fax [call first]: (671) 632- 9251

**WWD**  
 (671) 637 1197

## Suva Region

**AMPS**  
 Krsna Menon  
 PO Box 4137  
 245 Ratu Mara Rd  
 Samabula Suva

**WWD MU**  
 Navua  
 Bveti Lebu  
 Fiji

## Pt Moresby Region

**AMPS**  
 PO Box 6371  
 Boroko NCD  
 Pt Moresby 111, PNG  
 (675) 326 1737

# **Ananda Vani**

O human beings. Be established in the radiance of divinity and the splendour of valour and chivalry, because yours is the path of revolution. Your path is not the path of extra caution and scheduled movement. You are the travellers of a rugged path. You are the travellers of an impregnable path. You have to march ahead proudly with the flag of the Marga upright. You have no time to stagger or look behind.

SHRI SHRI A'NANDAMU'RTI